

# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 27.

Boston, June, 1894.

No. 1.



ITALY.

## LOOK UPON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Don't look upon the *dark* side and be constantly striving to solve the impossible question of the origin of evil. Look upon the *bright* side, consider how much of good and happiness there is in the world, and constantly strive to increase it.

## ROME.

During many years, and particularly before the opening of *Our World's Fair at Chicago*, we have urged upon the readers of our paper—which, in addition to the editors of about ten thousand American newspapers and magazines, goes also to many of the most influential men and women not only of our own State but of the whole nation—the fact that it is entirely within the power of Christian churches in ways we have set forth, to *prevent every war between Christian nations*.

We now hail with joy the announcement, widely published, that the Head of the Roman Catholic Church at Rome is actively engaged in what seems likely to prove a successful effort to bring about a gradual disarmament of European armies, and a settlement of international disagreements by arbitration.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF CONGRESS AND OTHERS.

In our last paper we told the story of the old English coachman who always drove as far from the edge of a ditch as he could, and

expressed the hope that Congress and others would in the present labor difficulties springing up all over our country act as wisely.

We believe in so dealing with every man, however much he may be in the wrong, that he shall, if possible, clearly see that he is in the wrong. In other words, so dealing with all men, even criminals, that they shall clearly understand that we mean to be just and merciful so far as we can be consistently with the public welfare.

If they have never been properly instructed in regard to right and wrong we should instruct them.

Of course they must understand that property and life must be protected, but there are two ways of doing this.

Many years ago, when we were in the practice of law, a wealthy brewer, whose buildings were largely of wood, called to say that one of his men, who lived in a little house on his brewery grounds, was about as bad a man as could be found—ugly, revengeful, drunk a good share of the time, he was owing several months' rent, and the brewer wanted us to turn him and his family into the street by the quickest process known to the law.

We thought a moment and said, "How much insurance have you on your brewery?" "Not half," was the answer. "Well then, suppose, before we begin, you get more insurance."

The brewer thought and said, "What do you advise me to do?" and we answered: "I advise you to go to this man, in the kindest possible manner, tell him you are sorry but cannot keep him longer in your employ or house, but that you do not want to be hard with him, and so will give him all the rent he owes you and will pay him a month's rent in advance for another tenement." The brewer had no trouble in easily getting rid of a dangerous man, and perhaps saving \$50,000.

Now we do not want our railroad bridges blown up or tracks or cars destroyed, and we think that if our railroads should ever be compelled to keep standing armies to protect them dividends would be scarce.

We do not want life and property in our cities endangered by incendiary fires.

We do not want hatred stirred up between rich and poor.

Shut out, if you please, all dangerous immigration, enact laws that no immigrant shall vote until he has been here twenty-one years, but use every possible effort to enable all well-disposed men and women to earn a comfortable livelihood, and to understand that while they may have less money, they may have quite as much happiness as those who seem to be more fortunate, and that in this country their children can have opportunities which they can have in no other to rise to the highest positions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### HOW MUCH BETTER.

We see that some of our papers are congratulating their readers on the dispersal of various sections of the Coxy movement.

We suggested in our last issue that Government should offer them enlistment in an industrial corps of our army, and put them all to work, under military law, on public improvements.

If they are the idle and desperate men that some of our papers represent, it seems to us a thousand times better to keep them together under military discipline than to have them wandering over the country endangering property and life.

Every man who wants work should have it, and every able-bodied tramp and beggar who refuses work should be compelled to work so hard day times that he will sleep soundly nights. All this was successfully accomplished many years ago by Count Rumford in Bavaria, and it can be accomplished here.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

#### \$100 PRIZE OFFERS.

In behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" I hereby offer two prizes of \$100 each.

First. For the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on "the best plan of peacefully settling the difficulties between capital and labor."

Second. For the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on "the best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor."

The committee of award will consist of Hon. Daniel Needham, President of "The New England Agricultural Society," Hon. Edward H. Bennett, Dean of the Boston University Law School, and Hon. H. O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Essays to win the prizes must be deemed by two of the committee to be worthy of publication.

Each must be signed by a fictitious name, be accompanied by a sealed letter containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decision is made, and must be received at my offices on or before December 1st, 1894.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

#### TO THOSE WHO WILL WRITE FOR ABOVE PRIZES.

You will find in our public libraries in the fourth volume of the writings of Count Rumford, published by "The American Academy of Arts and Sciences," how the Count succeeded in completely ridding the kingdom of Bavaria of tramps and beggars.

A prominent Boston gentleman writes us as follows: "I am sure you can add to the debt the American people owe you by publishing in these days how Count Rumford eliminated the tramp and beggar from a kingdom which was perhaps more thoroughly afflicted by them than almost any other country on the face of the earth."

In 1877 we wrote an essay on this subject which was widely published and kindly spoken of by the press, and of which it will give us pleasure to send copies to all asking.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### EVERY MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

We most sincerely wish every member of Congress would read so much of the fourth volume of the works of that great European thinker and writer, Count Rumford, as relates to "The Poor in Bavaria," and "The Fundamental Principles on which General Establishments for the Relief of the Poor may be formed in all Countries."

We give the following brief extracts: "As nothing is so certainly fatal to morals, and particularly to the morals of the lower classes of mankind, as habitual idleness, every possible measure was adopted that could be devised to introduce a spirit of industry.

In all public works, such as making and repairing highways, draining marshes, repairing the banks of rivers, &c., &c., employment was given."

It pays to make a worthy cause  
By helping it, — our own;  
And give the current of our lives  
A true and noble tone.

#### HOW FAR DO YOU REACH THE AMERICAN PRESS?

Some months ago we suggested, in connection with the foot-ball fights, that a department of pugilism should be established at Harvard University, and our distinguished fellow-citizen John L. Sullivan should be appointed first professor. Some time later we found on our table one morning eighteen papers from different parts of the country containing editorials on the subject.

#### IS NEW YORK MORE CIVILIZED THAN KANSAS?

In April "Forum" we find an article on the above subject which patriotic Americans and American editors will read with pleasure, and as this paper goes to the editors of about ten thousand American publications we give the following extract as a sample. It was written by James Willis Gleed, Esq., an eminent Kansas lawyer, and Professor of the Law of Real Property, in Kansas University, in answer to the following, which appeared in an article in "The New York Evening Post," namely: "We do not want any more States until we can civilize Kansas":—

"Society in Kansas no doubt lacks ritual and regalia. Mr. Astor, formerly of New York, has moved to London, bought a newspaper, and baited his hook for a peerage, or its equivalent. He has abandoned his native country. There is no complaint about this.

But Mr. Astor speaks slightly of Chicago because maids, instead of men, answer the door-bells there.

What would Mr. Astor say of Kansas?

There are a great many refined, cultivated, intelligent ladies, heads of households, who answer their own door-bells, as did Mr. Astor's grandmother, no doubt, if she had a door-bell.

In New York there are thousands of coachmen and footmen and housemaids and butlers, all clad in livery to distinguish them from their superiors.

In Kansas they neither uniform the domestics, tip the waiters, nor amputate the horses' tails. New York owns a hundred silk hats and dress coats and tailor-made gowns to every one in Kansas. The banquet in New York is more gorgeously decorated than in Kansas with flowers, silver and cut glass. The banqueter revels in half a dozen glasses of different shapes and colors for as many beverages. In Kansas there is one goblet and one beverage; but my observation is that gout and dyspepsia are rarer and the after-dinner speeches better. You cannot sit in your room in a Kansas hotel and have brought to you one or more of fifty-six different kinds of drinks by merely touching the button in the proper way—you can in New York.

There are few clubs in Kansas, and no men of leisure.

In New York are to be seen the signs of milliners 'by appointment' of this or that European personage, and these signs bring custom.

In Kansas only postmasters exist 'by appointment,' and that of the President of the United States. Kansas has no Patriarch's ball, and no French ball either. New York has the chaperon—and doubtless needs her.

In Kansas the young men are not young wolves—neither are the young women young sheeps.

Of course no Kansas man could write such a book as Mr. Ward McAllister's—certainly not, and remain a leader of society in good standing with intelligent people."

In answer to the above we add that there are two kinds of "best society" in New York city—one full of charity, kindness and humanity, and the other more dangerous to our country than the anarchists.

"For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day will win;  
To doubt it is disloyalty,  
To falter is to sin."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over nineteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



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## HOLDING THE HORSES WHILE FATHER GOES INTO THE HOUSE.

From "New England Country," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

### THE BRUTE AND THE LADY.

Sleighs drawn by four horses are employed on the Wellington route. The heavily loaded sleigh was coming cityward. One of the horses next the vehicle fell. The driver lashed it with his whip. Then he kicked it. Finally he swore at it. But he did not get down to extricate the animal from the harness which held it a prisoner. The men in the sleigh buried their chins in their overcoats and indulged the contemplation of fatalism as a philosophy which removes every passion from the breast. Suddenly a lady, clad in a sealskin sacque, got out and going up to the driver, said to him in an imperative way: "Give me that whip." The driver was dazed. In a stupefied way he handed over the whip. "Now," said the little lady, "If you touch that horse again I will let you feel the weight of this whip across your shoulders. Get down this moment and cut the harness and help the horse to rise." The driver stared at her. The women in the sleigh tittered, the men hung their heads. "Get down this moment," said the lady, shaking the whip over the driver. The latter mechanically obeyed. The harness was loosened, the horse was raised to his feet. The lady put her hand in her satchel, brought forth some biscuits, and treated the whole four horses to one each. The effect was magical. The hopeless cynicism of their poor faces gave place to hope and love and gratitude. Then the lady, very white but as resolute as Joan of Arc ever was, entered the sleigh. The men still hung their heads in silence. — *Montreal Star.*

### LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

The sweet note of a bulfinch in its cage by a window looking on the conservatory and garden causes Canon Wilberforce to say, in his impetuous manner: "That bird knows a sweet little German song, 'Ich Liebe dich,' 'I love you,' but I can only get him to sing it by standing before his cage, whistling the tune myself, turning my head from side to side, smiling upon him, and in every way making myself as much at home with him as possible. Doing this I often think it is just the way that God gets a song out of my heart; He could crush me in His hand, just as I could crush the little bird; but what good would that do? It would be spoiling a beautiful organism, and not getting the song after all. The bird is like me; neither of us can sing to God, 'I love Thee,' except we see that which is so true in nature and in grace—'He first loved us.' Free will must always go with love."

### THE SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

For "Our Dumb Animals."

Deer Island, where our Boston House of Industry is situated, is one of the prettiest in Boston harbor. It can be reached in half an hour by the little steamboat "J. Putnam Bradlee," which runs twice a day between the city and the island.

There is a horse at Deer Island named Sam, who has drawn the 'bus for many years. Joe (the driver) and Sam take the 'bus from the stable to the wharf when the boat comes in, stopping at the Institution building on the way for the Superintendent. They afterwards carry him back to the office and then go to the stable. The boat leaves Deer Island for the city on her second return trip about five o'clock in the afternoon, so the 'bus gets back in time for Sam to have his supper at six o'clock.

A few weeks ago the "Bradlee" was unavoidably detained, and did not get away from the island until after dark—about seven o'clock in the evening.

Joe had driven the 'bus to the office, but the Superintendent was not quite ready to start; there were one or two last things that claimed his attention. He also wished to speak to one of the men, and asked Joe if he would go and find him.

It took the driver some minutes to hunt up the man, and in the meantime the Superintendent had finished his work.

It was now quite late. He hastily ran down the steps, jumped into the 'bus and shut the door, which was the customary signal for Joe to go ahead.

The 'bus started, went down to the wharf, steered in and out among the piles of lumber and loads of granite curbing that lay here and there on the way, and upon reaching the boat turned round and "backed up" to the gang-plank, as usual. It was not until the Superintendent was about to step out of the 'bus that he remembered about the man. He then noticed that Joe was not on the box.

Sam alone had brought the 'bus down!

This little incident exhibits something of old Sam's intelligence. But the most puzzling thing of all is this: Why didn't Sam go to the stable at that hour of the evening instead of to the boat?

CORNELIA W. McCLEARY.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us forty cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1662, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and thirty-eight new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of nineteen thousand five hundred and one.

## MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

## BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

## PROTECTION OF ANIMALS AND RELIEVING THE POOR.

At the May meeting of the directors of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" and "The American Humane Education Society," held yesterday, it was voted, in behalf of the last named Society, to offer a prize of \$100 for the best short essay not exceeding three thousand words, on the best plan of peaceably settling the difficulties between capital and labor; also another \$100 for the best short essay not exceeding three thousand words, on the best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor. The committee of award to consist of Hon. Daniel Needham, President of "The New England Agricultural Society," Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Dean of the Boston University Law School, and Hon. H. O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. All essays to be received by President Angell on or before the first day of December next. Boston Agents of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have attended to 283 cases during the month; taken forty horses from work, and mercifully killed fifty-seven horses and other animals.

Two hundred and seventy-eight new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed, making a total of 19,542.

BOARD OF POLICE FOR THE CITY OF BOSTON,  
No. 7 Pemberton Sq., April 21, 1894.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq.

Dear Sir: The Board of Police directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th inst. requesting permission to send to each police station in this city bound volumes of your Society's "prize stories and other publications," and also thanking this department for "kind services" rendered in the past, and in reply the Board directs me to inform you that the receipt of the volumes mentioned will be appreciated as a favor by the members of the police force; that the Board acknowledges the graceful compliment in regard to past services, and gives assurance of its willingness to co-operate with your Society in the future.

It will take twenty-one copies to supply the several stations and headquarters, and if you will send them in the care of the Board it will see that they are properly distributed. For the Board,

THOMAS RYAN, Clerk.

## THE ELLEN M. GIFFORD FOUNTAIN.

This fountain was erected by our Mass. S. P. C. Animals some years ago on the corner of Beacon Street and Brookline and Brighton Avenues, in memory of Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., who generously remembered in her will our M. S. P. C. A.

Hundreds of thirsty horses drink there daily, and very likely on some warm days more than a thousand horses quench their thirst at that fountain. It is a daily happiness to us to pass it twice a day and see them drinking. This morning we saw seven there as we passed. We have cause to be grateful to Mrs. Gifford for her generous donation, and tens of thousands of horses and horse owners have cause to be grateful to our Society for the manner in which we have used a part of the money she so kindly gave us.

## WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK.

Some people not familiar with our humane educational work seem to think it relates only to dumb animals. If they would read carefully our publications they would see that it includes the whole human family as well.

Take "Black Beauty" for instance, of which we have caused probably not less than a million and a half copies to be printed and distributed in various languages. It teaches in most effective manner peace, temperance, observance of the Sabbath, kindness in families, and indeed to use the words of a good Bishop almost everything that goes to make a good Christian.

One of our leading Boston citizens, an ex-member of the Governor's Council, recently said to Vice President Hill: "Do you know that your Societies are doing even more good to human beings than to dumb animals? They certainly are."

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

## A GOOD LETTER.

## PACIFIC COAST

## WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 7, 1894.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I have just received the May number of "Our Dumb Animals," and have read your circular letter addressed to the Congress of the United States.

Thank God, yea a thousand times thank Him, that your life was spared, and that you have been permitted thus publicly to give utterance to these inspired thoughts. Your words come with marked significance to me, as I believe them to be the soul's breathings of one who "has passed through the valley of the shadow of death."

May they who read these words of wisdom profit thereby. Yours for humanity,

MARIA FREEMAN GRAY.

P. S. In the last few months I have organized 56 Bands of Mercy in this city.

## ONE OF OUR LARGEST GIVERS

Writes us to send our May paper to some of the most influential and best men of New York city who will be likely to become interested in our work because of what we say in it in relation to the poor, and adds: "What a grand work the 'Humane Education Society' is doing! It can never die."

## THE AGE OF KINDNESS.

At the annual meeting recently held of the American Humane Education Society, President Angell reported a grand year's work. During the year 2,938 new Bands of Mercy have been formed, which in all number 18,466 of these useful organizations. The society has constantly employed a missionary in the West and South. Its organ, *Our Dumb Animals*, has been sent to every editorial office in North America. Prizes to the amount of \$700 have been offered to college students for essays on humane subjects, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the books and pamphlets of this beautiful reform have been circulated. This is often called the age of steel; it might more truly be called the age of kindness. Such a society as this would have been impossible not many decades ago. With each year human hearts are growing more tender. The life even of beasts is becoming more sacred, and respect for all God's works is more profound. War is ceasing from the world and cruelty departing out of men's hearts, and all of these things are ushering in rapidly, let us hope, the promised day when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.—"Golden Rule," organ of *The Societies of Christian Endeavor*.

## TO SAVE HORSES AT FIRES.

[From Boston Post, April 23rd.]

There was an interesting exhibition yesterday at the new stable of the Boston Ice Company, of a novel fire-escape for horses. In one second sixty horses were loosened, and in less than three minutes they were led outside of the building. This is a revolution of all former methods for saving the lives of horses. Quite a large crowd of spectators had assembled when the word was given to pull the lever which liberated the animals. The horses backed out of their stalls instantly, and appeared greatly surprised and pleased to find themselves in the centre run. The exhibition was witnessed by many prominent stable owners, who were loud in their praise of this new protective apparatus.

Full information of this fire-escape can be obtained by writing Watter's Fire-escape, 116 Charles Street, Boston.

## LOOK AT THEIR FACES.

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them, and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

## COMFORT.

We are pleased to credit to "Comfort," published at Augusta, Me., a very beautiful story of "Raggles," which appeared in May "Our Dumb Animals."

## PATRICK DONAHOE AT EIGHTY.

It is with sincere pleasure that by kind permission of "The Boston Pilot" we put before our readers the kind face of one of our best friends, its founder and publisher, who at the ripe age of eighty, still full of activity, holds the great warm heart which, it is said, and we believe, *never knew an enemy.*

Mr. Donahoe is a Catholic. We once told him how we had been severely attacked by an editor because we had spoken kindly of Catholics who had greatly helped our work. "Poor fellow," was Mr. Donahoe's reply, "I will pray for him!"

If such a spirit as that could prevail in all our religious sects and political parties—in legislatures, congresses and parliaments, what a long step we should soon take towards the settlement of all national and international difficulties, and the promotion, in the words of the seal of our "American Humane Education Society," of "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every harmless living creature."

Hundreds of Boston's prominent citizens have joined in commemorating Mr. Donahoe's eightieth birthday by a complimentary banquet, which by reason of our recent sickness we could not attend.

May God preserve him many years to make us and thousands of his fellow-citizens happier!

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## Humane League for the Protection of Horses.

"We, the undersigned, of State of hereby pledge ourselves that we will never, except in case of absolute necessity, hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, and we will, to the best of our ability, endeavor to discourage the continuance of this barbarous and cruel outrage to the horse."

Please write us by postal or letter, and we will send the pledge and a photograph of twenty-two men mounted on their mutilated horses.

To everyone in Massachusetts, old or young, who will send us one of these pledges signed by twenty-five persons, old or young, we will send, post-paid, a copy of one of our prize stories, "Black Beauty," "Hollyhurst," or "The Strike at Shane's," whichever may be preferred, and in cases where fifty signatures have been obtained, we will send two of the stories, post-paid, and in cases where seventy-five signatures have been obtained, we will send all three of the prize stories, post-paid. The signatures may be of either adults or children, and to each signer who gives us full signature and post-office address will be sent a handsome certificate of membership of "The Humane League."

Write Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk St., Boston.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of lots of these pledges signed by far larger numbers than required by the above offer.

"Do you pay for spring poems?" asked the poet. "I do," replied the editor. "Lose six subscribers every time I publish one."—Exchange.

The man who does all his praying on his knees doesn't pray enough.



PATRICK DONAHOE AT EIGHTY.

## OUR PRIZE STORIES.

While book dealers are complaining of the hardness of the times we are having hundreds of kind newspaper notices, and a large sale of our prize stories at the following prices:—

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail 10 cents. Each of these three cloth bound 20 cents, or sent by mail 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents.

## A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

If you have any pity for suffering horses—  
Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse, or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Don't be too ready to argue. Simply give results. If any person differs, bow and turn the conversation.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

To supply the demand we have had more volumes bound, and friends wanting them can, by prompt application, secure them at 80 cents at our offices, or \$1 when sent by mail. Each volume contains eighteen copies of "Our Dumb Animals."

## THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest. GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., April, 1894.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

## \$250 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict a member of either the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of the laws of Massachusetts, by causing his horse to be mutilated for life; also we offer \$100 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of this crime. GEO. T. ANGELL.

In many parts of Germany the hardest outdoor work falls to the women. Well, is not the same true in America? Who does the shopping?

The trouble and worry and wear and tear that come from hating people make hating unprofitable.



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

We are glad to receive from our good friend Frances E. Willard, now in England, the following letter and translation from *Lamartine*, enclosed:

April 16th, 1894.

The Cottage, Reigate, England.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

In common with your hosts of friends we are rejoiced to learn of your returning health after your severe illness. It is evident that your beneficent work is not done and God needs you much longer to speak your brave and convincing words on behalf of our silent neighbours. I send you a cutting which I came across the other day in my reading, for it seems to me you will like to use it in "*Our Dumb Animals*."

With kindest remembrances and all good wishes, in which Lady Henry Somerset and Anna Gordon most cordially join, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

## THE POET'S LAST SHOT.

Translated from *Lamartine*.

A harmless happy roebuck bounded joyously over the wild thyme on the verge of the wood. Now and then I could see him above the heather, pricking his ears, butting in play, warming his dewy flanks in the rising sun, and browsing on the young shoots, in his innocent revel of solitude and safety.

I am a sportsman's son and spent my boyhood with my father's gamekeepers. I had never thought about the brutal instinct that leads man to find amusement in slaughter, and to destroy without necessity, justice, pity or right animals who might equally claim to hunt and slay him if they were as ruthless, well armed and savage in their pleasures as he is in his. My dog was on the alert, my gun pointed, the deer right ahead. I did feel a certain hesitation and remorse at cutting short such a life—such joy and innocence in a creature that had never harmed me, and that delighted in the same sunshine, the same dew, the same morning freshness, as I did; created by the same Providence, perhaps endowed in a different degree with the same thought and sensibility, perhaps bound in the same ties of affection and relationship—looking for his brother, waiting for his mother, his mate, his little one. But Nature's recoil from murder was overcome by the mechanical instinct of habit. I fired. The roebuck fell, his shoulder broken by the shot, and his blood reddening the turf on which he vainly struggled in his agony.

When the smoke dispersed I approached, pale and shuddering at my misdeed. The poor, lovely creature was not dead. It looked at me, its head sunk on the grass, its eyes swimming in tears. Never shall I forget that look, to which amazement, suffering, and untimely death seemed to give a human depth of feeling quite as intelligible as words—for the eye has its language, and most of all when about to close forever. That look said distinctly, with a heart-rending reproach for my wanton cruelty, "What are you? I do not know you; I never offended you. Perhaps I should have loved you. Why have you struck me with death? Why have you snatched from me my share of sky and breeze, of light and joy and life? What will become of my mother, my mate, my fawn, waiting for me in the brake, to see only these torn tufts of hair and these drops of blood on the heather? Is there not up above an avenger for me and a judge for you? And still while I accuse you, I forgive. There is no anger in my eyes; my nature is so gentle, even towards my murderer; there is but amazement, pain, and tears."

This is literally what the eyes of the wounded deer seemed to say. I understood and reproached myself as if it had spoken with a voice. "Put an end to me now," it seemed to say too, by the grief in its eyes and the helpless shiver in its limbs. I would have given anything to undo what I had done. Alas! the most merciful close to my pitiless work was to shoot my poor victim once more, and so put it out of its misery. Then I flung the gun away, and in truth shed tears of which I am not ashamed. My dog knew something of my meaning; he did not stir, but lay beside me sad and abashed, as if he mourned with me and the victim of this cruel, wanton sacrifice.

I abandoned forever the brutal pleasure of murder, the sportsman's savage despotism which without need, right, or pity, takes away the life that he cannot restore. I swore to myself never again to cut short in my caprice an hour of sunshine enjoyed by these denizens of the woods, and by the birds of heaven, who taste, like us, the transient ecstasy of light and the more or less vague consciousness of existence under the same sky as ourselves.

## REV. THOMAS TIMMINS AND THE BANDS OF MERCY.

Providentially the first Band of Mercy in the world, if we may believe the testimony of its founder, *Catharine Smithies*, whose kind face beams upon us as we write, was the result of our visit to England in 1869, and providentially, when we were just ready to start the work in America, came from England the *Rev. Thomas Timmins* to help us lay its foundations and to render herculean labor in building the base of the superstructure which now records the names of more than nineteen thousand Bands of Mercy on this side of the Atlantic, many of which number individually hundreds and some over a thousand members.

Our readers will be glad to know, through the following extracts from a letter recently received, of the great success Mr. Timmins is having in the grand work he is doing in his own country:—

38 ST. DONATT'S ROAD, LONDON, S. E.  
May 1, 1894.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Thank God you are better. I have been in terror about you, and my prayers have been very fervent to our Heavenly Father that your very valuable life might be spared to His glory and the growing well-being of his creatures. I rejoice, and my dear wife joins me, with dear Mrs. Angell and all your friends, in your recovery.

And now I know you will heartily say with me, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" now that our Government has adopted *Humane Education*. I cannot feel grateful enough to Almighty God for this wondrous advance made. I put it before Mr. Acland, the Minister of Education of the Cabinet, the beginning of last year, and I have been half dead with anxiety lest I should fail or some one do mischief. Success is gained, and infinite good will come from it as the years pass on.

And here has come another success. Mr. J. Passwan Edwards, my friend and the editor and proprietor of "*The London Echo*," one of our best conducted London daily papers, has arranged for me to conduct a column on *Humane Education* each Wednesday, an I form "*Bands of Mercy*" and members with it. \* \* \* I have been doing other work, but all is dwarfed by the adoption by the Government of *Humane Education*.

God bless you and your dear wife. Would we could drop in, my dear wife and I, to comfort and cheer you. With our united kindest regards to you both,

I am, sincerely yours,  
THOMAS TIMMINS.

## THE CELEBRATED DOCTOR JOHNSON.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson bothered his publisher so much about one of his books that when it was finished the publisher wrote him that "he thanked God that he was through with him."

To this the Doctor replied that "he was glad to know that his publisher had the grace to thank God for anything."

This goes very well with the Doctor's reply to Lord Chesterfield, who did not answer a letter asking his patronage, until the Doctor had become famous, when he wrote him that he should be glad to become his patron. This was a part of Dr. Johnson's reply: "And what is a patron, my lord? It is one who sees you struggling in deep waters and refuses a helping hand, but who, when you have safely reached the shore, would encumber you with his patronage."

All our young readers should read Johnson's "*Rasselas, or The Happy Valley*," the first sentence of which has been called the finest in the English language.

Freddy: "Aw—Miss Ginevra, could you—aw—live in a flat?" Miss Ginevra: "Yes, but not with one."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## DISSECTION, PERHAPS VIVISECTION IN BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Providence, R. I., May 1, 1894. Dallas L. Sharpe of New Jersey, a student at Brown University, was taken to the Rhode Island Hospital this evening to be treated for a wound in his abdomen, the result of "fooling."

Sharpe, with other students, was in the dissecting room in Rhode Island Hall this morning, and engaged in a friendly pass with Walter F. Crosby. Crosby had a scalpel in his hands at the time, and before either he or Sharpe thought of the chances of an accident he had cut through Sharpe's clothing and made a clean cut about two inches long. A surgeon was called and closed the wound, which was not very deep.

The danger will come from possible blood poisoning, as the class was at the time working on bodies of cats and dogs corralled for the benefit of science.

## VIVISECTION IN SCHOOLS.

[From Editorial in *Harper's Weekly*.]

But there is a subordinate phase of the subject somewhat recently presented which one cannot regard with so much satisfaction, namely, the growing practice of vivisection before classes of young pupils in the secular schools. Such an overzealous application of the "scientific method" is fit to appear only in that sorry system of pedagogics which makes light of sentiment and considers the goal of education to be the acquisition of bare facts. In a broader view it must appear that such gruesome exhibitions will have a most unwholesome effect upon the mind of a child, tending to strengthen rather than to repress its selfish and cruel instincts. The child who has been taught through "scientific" demonstrations to regard a pet cat or dog as an animated machine with contracting muscles and blood-propelling heart and bile-secreting liver instead of as a living being possessed of feelings and emotions something akin to its own, can never again regard the sacred mystery of life in quite the same light as before. It has gained knowledge of very doubtful value at the expense of a distinct ethical sacrifice. Far better might that child remain ignorant of the appearances of vital organs than lose its awe for the vital principle that animates them. If physiological experiments must enter into the scheme of the modern system of education let them at least be deferred until moral principles are firmly grounded.

## DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow on the back of the head will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects, that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?

Do you know that a check-rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill is a cruel torture to the horse?

Do you know that the mutilation of a horse by cutting off his tail compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives?

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier but also better?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"What do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy. "Do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "No," said the father, "they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it."

## BIRD LEAGUE.

Mrs. Wm. H. Bradley of Milwaukee, sends us this:  
CHILDREN'S LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION  
OF HARMLESS BIRDS.

We, the undersigned, desire to unite for the protection of all harmless birds. We promise:

1. To do all in our power to prevent the needless killing or maiming of birds.

2. To discourage, as far as we can, the wearing of (stuffed) birds as ornaments on hats, etc.

Signed by 700 pupils of this school.

R. J. O'HANLON, Principal.

## OUR AMERICAN SAVAGES.

We find in "The Boston Herald" of May 11th that some of our American savages are proposing to race their mutilated horses from New York to Philadelphia on a wager of \$10,000:

"A match coach race from Philadelphia to New York or the other way, as may be found expedient, is the outcome of the enthusiasm over that high sport. The stake is to be \$10,000 a side. Children along the route had better be requested to stay indoors."

## OUR GAMBLING HORSE RACES.

From a long article in the *Boston Herald*, by H. D. Gill, secretary of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons, describing the tricks practised on horses to win gambling bets on races, we take a few cases, as follows:

"Horses are 'doctored' not only for the purposes of sale, but for racing purposes—not always, or very often, for the better class of races, but for the hundreds of competitions that take place at state and county fairs, and on private racing grounds in the rural districts."

"It is often the case that a very poor animal of good stock can, with the assistance of artificial methods, win or lose a race. He may die half an hour after the contest, but if he comes in a winner his owner will be satisfied."

"Foundered horses are made sound by nerving them in the manner just described, and keeping them in a soaking-tub or mud-box. By this method the inflammation is allayed for a day."

"At horse sales and races, before the animal is brought out, he is made to appear 'lively.' Before he is taken from the stable, a man having saturated his finger with turpentine or capsicum, will insert it at the lower extremity of the alimentary canal. This will have the effect of making the horse carry his tail in very fine shape. It makes him 'lively,' simply on account of the pain the agent causes."

"Electricity is also used to increase a horse's speed. A jockey will carry a battery attached to a belt around his body, the conductors passing to the spurs on each foot. The application of the spurs to the side of the animal completes the circuit, and transmits to the horse's body the electrical impulse, and induces the animal to greater speed. Several jockeys have been discovered using this appliance."

In conclusion, we say, as the clergyman did who could not collect his salary: "If there isn't a hell for some of these horse racing men, there ought to be!"

## YALE TUTOR'S ROOM WRECKED.

New Haven, Ct., April 24, 1894. While Harley M. Roberts, tutor in Latin at Yale, was in Boston last week, sophomores invaded his room in Lawrence dormitory and committed a variety of depredations, practically wrecking his room.

The bedding was ripped into shreds, bedstead chopped, pictures damaged, etc.—*Boston Herald*.

## CONGRESS.

We are sometimes reminded by speeches made in Congress of what the new member from the West said, that when he first entered Congress he wondered how he ever got there, but later on wondered how any of the members ever got there.

## THEODORE METCALF.

Many of our citizens regret the recent death of the kind-hearted druggist above named.

Some years ago our physician was trying various experiments upon us which required our often calling upon Mr. Metcalf to have our prescriptions put up.

One day Mr. Metcalf kindly said to us, "I think, Mr. Angell, the less of this stuff you take the better it will be for you."

This calls to mind another experience with a Jacksonville, Fla., druggist.

We asked him who was the best doctor for asthma in the city. He answered, "Dr. Emile T. Sabal never sends me a prescription. He sends them all to another druggist, but I think he is the best physician in the city to treat asthma."

It is said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God."



OUR CAT AND HER COPY OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

## HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON.

Calling upon our good friend Hon. Henry O. Houghton this morning, we were glad to hear him say that he always saved "Our Dumb Animals" for his Sunday reading, and always read everything in it from beginning to end.

The pains we take in preparing our paper is amply repaid by the knowledge that it is read from beginning to end by such men as Mr. Houghton. We are inclined to believe that, including the about ten thousand editors we regularly send it to, and nearly all the professional and educated men of Massachusetts, that no paper in the world reaches a larger audience of intelligent, influential, thinking men.

\$200.

We are happy to acknowledge from a New York friend a gift of \$100 to our "American Humane Education Society," and from a Boston friend \$100 to our M. S. P. C. A.

## IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.

We have been asked by correspondents at home and abroad to do many impossible things.

One seriously proposed that we should cause our whole electric road system to be so changed that no electric car should ever cross any of our streets on grade. We respectfully declined to undertake that.

This morning we receive from a Western publishing house a kind letter asking us to write a "Life of Christ for young people," for which if satisfactory they propose to pay \$1,000.

We answer that while we are trying to the best of our ability to teach what Christ taught as expressed in the words on the seal of our "American Humane Education Society": "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every Living Creature"—while we are trying to teach all these things we do not believe that if we could live to be a hundred years old and have nothing else to do we could write a better life of Christ for both young people and old than is found in the New Testament.

## LOVE IN DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

We rarely call out all the love there is in our domestic animals; for the most part none at all. It makes me many a sore hour when I drive about the country and see the lonely look of horses and cows. Dogs fare better, but cows are rarely petted and made much of as friends. They have in them a great capacity for gentleness and affection.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

"Well, what did you think of the pictures at the academy, Mary?" "Oh, mum, there was a picture there called 'Two Dogs, after Landseer,' but I couldn't see no Landseer."—*Spare Moments*.

The above beautiful cut represents a cat belonging to one of our best friends, who loves her, and who has at her own expense printed a very earnest and effective leaflet for the protection of cats, which we shall be glad to send without charge to all who would be glad to protect them.

## TWO PUSSY CATS.

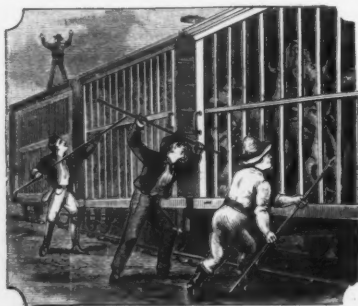
I.

Dainty little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat,  
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household cat,  
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,  
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.  
Dining like an epicure from a costly dish,  
Served with what you like the best, chicken, meat or fish,  
Purring at an outstretched hand, knowing but caresses,  
Half the comforts of your life, pussy, no one guesses.  
Romp through the house at will, racing down the hall,  
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,  
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,  
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.  
Sleeping on my lady's lap or dozing by the grate,  
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!  
Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed may be at that,  
And kept up on the mantelshelf—dear pet cat.

II.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,  
Creeping down the alleyway like a ghost of want,  
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,  
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.  
Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,  
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,  
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows,  
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.  
Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,  
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street,  
Tortured, teased and chased by dogs through the lonely night,  
Homeless little beggar cat, sorry is your plight.  
Sleeping anywhere you can in the rain and snow,  
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,  
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,  
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Independent.





CATTLE TRANSPORTATION.

## THE POWER OF THE KODAK.

BY J. F. COWAN.

Jack was sitting tipped lazily back in the easy-chair reading the newspaper.

"I declare," said he to his mother, "if it isn't shameful! There ought to be more than one man to see that the animals are not cruelly treated. *If I were a knight and had a sword, like I read about in some of the story-books, I'd just start out and make my business to protect the animals.*"

"Why," said Jack, "the paper says that two or three carloads of cattle were taken through here this morning, and many of 'em were almost dead for want of water and from being thrown down and trampled upon by the others. I should think the railroad men or the men that owned the cattle or somebody ought to be prosecuted."

"What are you talking about, Jack?" asked his father, who had just come into the room. "Oh! I presume the owners of the cattle would have been glad enough to have watered the stock, and to have kept the weaker ones from being trampled upon by the stronger ones. They were taking them to market, and of course mistreatment meant loss to them. The trouble seems to be with the railroad company, which will not provide the right kind of cars, or stop them long enough so that the stock can be looked after."

"Then," said Jack, "if I were one of the knights I would couch my lance and ride straight to the offices of the railroad company, and I would make them so afraid that they would promise to run the trains more slowly, and furnish cars with feed and watering troughs, and engineers who wouldn't stop and start with such a jerk as to throw the cattle off their feet."

"Well," laughed his father, "you would probably be arrested by a policeman before you got very far and put into jail for your trouble."

"Well, I think it is a mean shame, anyway," said Jack; "there ought to be something done. Can't something be done, father?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said his father. "Men are trying to pass better laws, but I fear most of the people do not realize that they are needed. Perhaps things are not as bad as the newspapers report, or if they are but very few people realize it. *If the public could be made to see a picture of the sufferings of these dumb brutes perhaps they would.*"

"A picture! Why, I never thought of using a picture instead of a sword or a lance or a battle-axe. Why, look here, that's just the thing! I can make a picture if I can't swing a sword. There is my kodak. I never thought of using it in that way before. I'll get Dick to take his along, too."

Ten minutes later Jack was racing across to his chum's house.

"Dick?" he called out; "get your 'hawk-eye' and come on down to the stockyards."

Dick heard the plan rather skeptically.

"What good will it do?" he said. "They won't pay any attention to your picture, 'course they won't."

"Won't they?" said Jack stoutly. "You wait and see if they won't."

So after dinner that day Jack swung his kodak over his shoulder and started off for the stockyards. He did not have to wait very long to find what he was in pursuit of. Presently a long train of stock came jolting in.

The cars were stopped, the engine was unhitched and backed off, while the drovers alighted from the caboose and went up and down the train "punching up" the animals which were lying down, and attempting to feed and water them all.

"You will have to hurry up there!" shouted out a railroad man to the owners of the stock. "We are behind time now, and can only stop five minutes here—long enough to change engines."

"Can't you give us a little more time to get the animals up that are down? They will die if we don't."

"No; hurry! The time will soon be gone."

Jack crept along the side of the car almost fearing to look in because of the disgusting sights he expected to see. By and by he saw a horn stuck through the grating. He tip-toed and looked in, but the next moment turned his head and grew pale. Snap went his kodak and on he sped to the next car.

He had not much time. In another car he saw an animal which was faint and gasping lying in the bottom of the car. Snap went his kodak again.

Just as he reached the next car some men were approaching with buckets of water. The almost frenzied animals began to bawl and stamp, with their heads and tails erect, as if half crazed by the smell of the water. Snap went Jack's kodak, and he had another view.

Two or three times again he snapped, and then his work at that place was done. He hastened home, went into his dark closet, prepared his solutions, and in a little time had developed and dried his plates ready for printing.

A few days later there came a light tap at the door of the office of the president of the railroad company. When it was opened by his secretary it was not indeed a mailed and armed warrior who greeted him with threatening mien, but a neatly dressed and pleasant-faced boy, carrying in his hand a kodak camera, who made this modest request:

"If you please, sir, may I see the president of the company just a few moments? I have some photographs of the railroad which I am sure he will want to see."

"Why, yes; I suppose you might show the boy in," said the great man; "I know his father, and I presume it is all right. What is this you have?"

His own face reflected the serious look upon the face of the boy as he looked upon the pictures and heard the explanations.

"Why, can it be possible," he said, "that things are as bad as this? I had no idea! Yes, certainly; this must be stopped. I will give orders at once about the cars and stock, and to the engineers. Thank you, my lad, for the service you have done in behalf of the poor creatures."

And when Jack went home that day I am sure his heart beat as proudly and his step was as high and the look of victory on his face was as complete as it would have been had he sallied forth sword in hand to avenge the sufferings of the dumb animals in the warrior-like spirit of a knight of old.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

## [For "Our Dumb Animals."]

A poor little Florida lizard  
Came North in the midst of a blizzard,  
So thin was his hide  
He curled up and died,  
This poor little Florida lizard.

He was bought, it is true, by a dude,  
Who was in an extravagant mood,  
And thought that to lie  
On a silken neck-tie  
Was a lot quite sufficiently good.

Quoth the poor little Florida lizard:  
"When the wind is blowing a blizzard,  
What warmth is there in  
A chain and a pin  
For a poor little Florida lizard?"

M. D. S.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

## INTELLECTUAL ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

We have just read for recreation one of the popular little stories of the day (the name of which we will not mention because we do not care to advertise it), in which, after becoming deeply interested in the various trials and troubles of two unhappy lives, when we had just reached the close, where we had every reason to expect the two were about to be married and enter on a long period of happiness, the lady author, without a moment's warning, kills her heroine *by being run over by a wagon*, and leaves her hero to a life of misery.

We will not say that for the moment we were tempted to wish that the lady author had been run over before she undertook to inflict upon all her devoted readers an *intellectual assault and battery* more painful than many which are punished by fine and imprisonment in our courts.

But we will say that when ninety-nine out of every hundred readers prefer that a story should end well, it shows a woful want of common sense on the part of authors to make them end in tragedies. We have had some of this trouble ourselves with some of our humane prize stories, and have been spending our spare time for a month in moulding over one of them to *make its readers happier*.

It is a pity, too, that some authors of juvenile books think it necessary to suggest mischief to their young readers. Many years ago we deemed it a duty to write that most interesting of authors, Miss Alcott, that one of the heroes of one of her most attractive books was a young gentleman whom no lawyer would want in his office and no merchant in his store, and that in "*St. Winnifred*," or "*The World of School*," and "*Striking for the Right*," etc., she would find much better models.

She replied kindly, and with subsequent stories we found no fault.

Let all story writers who read this article in our columns, or copied into those of other papers, remember (1st) that it will aid the circulation of their books to *make their readers happier* for the reading of them, and (2d) that it is quite as easy and profitable to teach noble sentiments as to teach what will make mischief and unhappiness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place,—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expanse  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing  
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

[From the Washington Star.]

Coxey's army—All we want to do is to talk.  
Congressman—Excuse us, but we do not care to encourage competition.



## THE POOR IN JAPAN.

It is said that the contentment of the poor in Japan is the result of the spirit of politeness which prevades all ranks of the Japanese people. Rich and poor are all courteous, and it is impossible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior. This politeness results from genuine kindness, and it settles all problems between man and man.—*Chicago Herald.*

## A DEFENCE AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

A correspondent writes that last year she was almost compelled to give up working in the garden by reason of mosquitoes, but a happy thought suggested itself. Getting some kerosene oil, she smeared the fences near which she had to weed and trim her plants, and to her delight the insects took wings and departed, not to return till the odor of the oil had entirely gone. A second application rid the garden of them for the season.

## FROM THE APRIL "ARENA."

We take the following from an article in the April "Arena," written by its editor, B. O. Fowler.

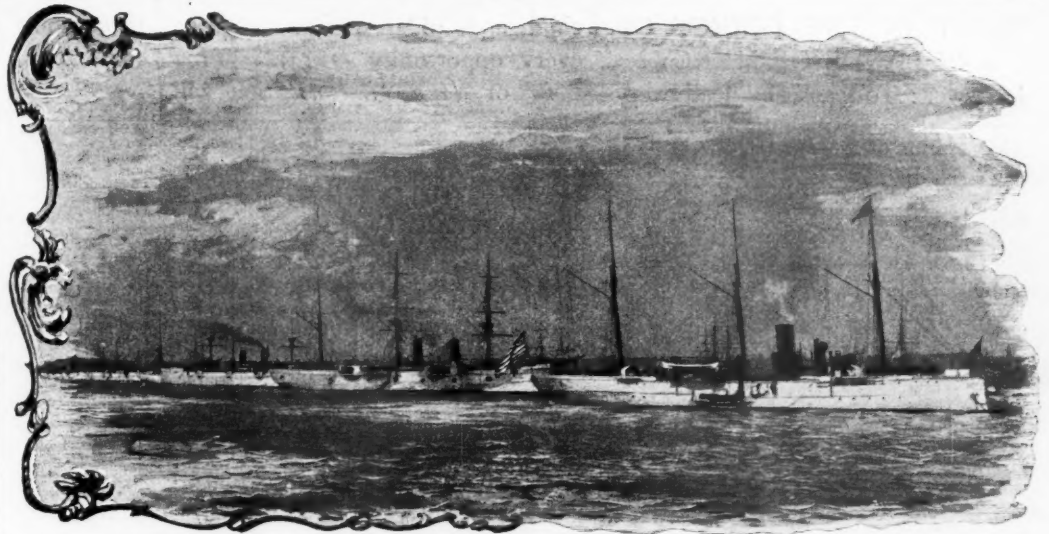
In the year 1892 a gentleman, with some earnest assistants who were giving their time and means to relieving and uplifting the poor of St. Paul, Minnesota, found that as winter approached there were about two hundred and fifty families, more than two-thirds of which were without male heads, who were facing starvation. *There were more than two thousand persons in those two hundred and fifty homes—a little army who could not think of the coming winter without a chill of terror.*

An appeal was made to the authorities of the public schools of the city for permission to allow those children who desired to contribute something toward making Thanksgiving a day of gladness to these prisoners of poverty. The authorities consented. The teachers joined in the plan with an enthusiasm equalled only by that of the children. The problem was explained to the little ones, and they were left to bring anything they chose. Soon the stone began to roll, and little by little contributions were brought in by the children. *In four days the forty-three public schools of St. Paul donated one hundred and seventy-two wagon loads of provisions, fuel and clothing for distribution, although no one pupil brought more than a peck of any kind of fruit or vegetables. Many incidents occurred which proved how valuable as a soul-developer was the opportunity given the little ones to help others.*

So much for the story of Thanksgiving week in St. Paul in 1892. *In 1893 the noble work was repeated on a larger scale. Over two hundred bushels of potatoes alone were contributed.*

In referring to this phase of the question one of the St. Paul dailies made the following thoughtful observations:

"It is the effect of this lesson in altruism upon the children which cannot be weighed or measured. At an age when impressions are deep and lasting, when a profound stir to the feelings may develop traits that last a lifetime, when the character is sensitive to the moral arguments of good works, and when enthusiasms count and wait for their fulfilment, the children of the people have been engaged in a noble



OUR WHITE FLEET.

From the Engraver and Printer Co., 5 Park Square, Boston.

work whose great results they themselves could witness, and in whose joy they could share. It was to many of them a matter of personal self-sacrifice and an aid to discipline. It was by no means only or mainly the children of the rich whose thank-offerings filled to bursting the storerooms of the relief society. Each gift was a small one, and most of them represented not the careless generosity of parents, but the willing sacrifice of the child.

"One story is told too touching to be spared, because in it lie the divine suggestions of this Thanksgiving jubilee. A little girl came to her teacher, a child herself of the straitened homes of the poor, with a little cotton bag that held a single apple. It was a small apple, knotty and unpromising. But she had taken it, such as it was, all that she had, and to her a delightful treat, had carefully cleaned out the worm-eaten places and placed in them two little pieces of candy. This gift, precious to her as a feast to others, she brought carefully to school to be given to some one poorer than herself. It is the old, touching, divine story over again of uttermost compassion and self-forgetfulness. It is a glimpse of the higher kingdom through the heart of a little child; and in the thought of this even the relief of the destitute and the comforting of the stricken seems a small thing. To create the impulse of sacrifice, to make it easy to forget self, to bring to the surface, with faith and courage, the divine instinct of altruism that lies so deep beneath the crust of selfish greed—this is to set at play the waters of a fountain which all the rest of life shall not stifle. Thousands of children knew that lesson last week, not as a dogma, but as an article of acted faith. What is it not worth to them? What may it not be worth to the community, torn by the love of mammon and the struggle to be first at any cost, when it is made up of men and women who took their first real lesson in altruism at Thanksgiving time?"

In the administration of our charities we should never forget what is so splendidly illustrated in the above that *giving is sometimes a greater blessing to the giver than to those who receive.*

## OUR BIG MONTHLIES.

A little constable, undertaking to serve a writ on a big bully, the big bully threatened to give the little constable a shaking.

"Well," said the little constable, "you can shake me if you want to, but you had better remember that when you shake me you shake the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Some of our big monthlies have the good sense to see that they cannot have a more valuable paper on their exchange lists than one that goes every month to nearly all the educated men of Massachusetts and to the editors of about ten thousand American publications, and in whose limited and pictorial illustrated columns quotations are a hundred times more likely to be read than in the great *Gotham* newspapers which nobody ever pretends to carefully read.

How have you contrived to raise the circulation of "Black Beauty" to a million and a half copies? Is a question asked us, and we answer, simply because from the reading of our little *David* among papers have come thousands of editorials praising the book and tens of thousands of orders for it.

## THE "NEW YORK WORLD."

The "New York World," which has, we believe, as large a circulation as any New York daily, prints once a week the following blank pledge:—

### NEW YORK WORLD'S LITTLE DEFENDER SOCIETY.

**PLEDGE.**—I promise to be kind to all dumb, helpless animals. I promise to protect such animals and to do all in my power to induce others to be humane to them.

Signed.....

Address.....

Town or City.....

Member of  
New York World's Little Defender Society.

To become a member of the Little Defenders sign this blank and send it with two-cent stamp to "The World's" Little Defenders, box 354, New York City.

To each child that returns it signed "The World" sends a beautiful red ribbon badge bearing, among other things, the word "Compassion," and to each who undertakes to enlist a certain number of children it sends a still more beautiful blue ribbon badge bearing in gold letters the words: "Little Defender Society." "Recruiting Officer." "Compassion." "The World" claims half a million children as belonging to its "Little Defender Society."

It started this work about four years ago.

## THE GRIPPE.

Some months ago we spoke of the effect of sulphur as a preventive of grippé. We take the following from *The Canadian Journal of Fabrics*:

George T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, has ascertained that in a match factory near Boston, not one of the sixty hands employed there had ever had the grippé, though they included old and young and male and female. The inference is that sulphur will prove a specific for this complaint. He recommends that a little powdered sulphur be placed in the stockings and an occasional teaspoonful of the old dose composed of a mixture of sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses be given. Considering the ravages of grippé during the past three years the subject is well worth investigating. *Some time ago we referred to the fact that none of the employees in a certain dye-house in Scotland had ever had the grippé and it may possibly be that the use of sulphur or sulphuric acid accounted for the immunity.*

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy.

- 19264 So. Bend, Ind.  
South School Band No. 1.  
P., Belle Spencer.
- 19265 South School Band No. 2.  
P., Eva Spencer.
- 19266 Salem, Va.  
Salem Graded School Band.  
P., W. Hugh Carter.
- 19267 Central Falls, R. I.  
Slater Band.  
P., Miss Flora P. Wood.
- 19268 Loyal Band.  
P., Miss Jennie T. Coffey.
- 19269 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Vigilant Band.  
P., Miss M. S. Robinson.
- 19270 Happy Band.  
P., Flora E. Howes.
- 19271 New Orleans, La.  
Fisk Girls' School.  
Silver Link Band.  
P., Zelphy Brower.
- 19272 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Georgiana Demas.
- 19273 Angel Band.  
P., Mabel E. Steptoe.
- 19274 Golden Band.  
P., Juanita Laur.
- 19275 Columbia Band.  
P., Palestine Preston.
- 19276 Silver Leaf Band.  
P., Geneva L. Steptoe.
- 19277 Holly, Mich.  
Wide Awake Band.  
P., Blanche Young.
- 19278 Portsmouth, Ohio.  
High School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., Thomas Vickers.
- 19279 Golden Rule Band.  
P., D. C. Pratt.
- 19280 Longfellow Band.  
P., Emily Ball.
- 19281 G. T. Angell Band.  
P., H. P. Smith.
- 19282 Whittier Band.  
P., Lucy W. Hall.
- 19283 Goldsmith Band.  
P., B. A. Eisenlohr.
- 19284 Detroit, Mich.  
Gen. R. A. Alger Band.  
P., Kenneth Robinson.
- 19285 Portsmouth, Ohio.  
Union Street School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. McKeown.
- 19286 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Cook.
- 19287 Neverfail Band.  
P., Mrs. McCole.
- 19288 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Kate Comins.
- 19289 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Effie L. Angle.
- 19290 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Bertha Schwartz.
- 19291 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Kate B. Williams.
- 19292 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Edith G. Jones.
- 19293 Hope Band.  
P., Clara B. Simpson.
- 19294 Star Band.  
P., Nellie Schwartz.
- 19295 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Ella Keifer.
- 19296 Pansy Band.  
P., Anna Lloyd.
- 19297 Daisy Band.  
P., Ella M. Bishop.
- 19298 Fourth Street School.  
Violet Band.  
P., Kate L. Vigus.
- 19299 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Rowie.
- 19300 Rose Band.  
P., Mattie H. Lynn.
- 19301 Tulip Band.  
P., Lena L. Bowman.
- 19302 Mayflower Band.  
P., Iza Abbott.
- 19303 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mary Bowman.
- 19304 Snowball Band.  
P., Mary Bittner.
- 19305 Daisy Band.  
P., Jennie Lynn.
- 19306 Pansy Band.  
P., Selma Herner.
- 19307 Bluebird Band.  
P., Margaret T. Ricker.
- 19308 Second Street School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Emma M. Cramer.
- 19309 Neverfail Band.  
P., Arenia F. Burriess.
- 19310 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Carrie Zoltmann.
- 19311 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. Lowes.
- 19312 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Effie Fowler.
- 19313 I'll Try Band.  
P., Lizzie Gatterman.
- 19314 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Mrs. Cooks.
- 19315 Hope Band.  
P., Clara Haufman.
- 19316 Star Band.  
P., R. D. Spry.
- 19317 Officere Street School.  
Lily Band.  
P., Corn Amberg.
- 19318 Rose Band.  
P., Nettie C. Noel.
- 19319 Pansy Band.  
P., Lizzie M. Barklow.
- 19320 Daisy Band.  
P., Alice L. Comins.
- 19321 Sixth Street School.  
Violet Band.  
P., C. M. Lewis.
- 19322 Tulip Band.  
P., Alice T. Ross.
- 19323 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. Smith.
- 19324 Snowball Band.  
P., Maudie Moore.
- 19325 Rosebud Band.  
P., Nellie L. Fawn.
- 19326 Washington Street School.  
Robin Band.  
P., Sarah J. Snodgrass.
- 19327 Canary Band.  
P., Louise Dinsmore.
- 19328 Campbell Avenue School.  
Hope Band.  
P., J. McElmurry.
- 19329 Star Band.  
P., Minnie H. Brookhart.
- 19330 Colored School.  
Geo. Washington School.  
P., Robert Hurd.
- 19331 Lincoln Band.  
P., Louisa Parker.
- 19332 Redbird Band.  
P., Nettie J. Lowry.
- 19333 Robin Band.  
P., Leonora Wilson.
- 19334 Canary Band.  
P., Henrietta Justice.
- 19335 Children's Home.  
Sunshine Band.  
P., Mrs. Smith.
- 19336 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Harp.
- 19337 Schools of the Holy Redeemer.  
Lily Band.  
P., Sister Pais.
- 19338 Rose Band.  
P., Sister Latislaus.
- 19339 Pansy Band.  
P., Sister Beatrice.
- 19340 St. Mary's School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Sister Euphraia.
- 19341 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Sister Margaret.
- 19342 Hope Band.  
P., Sister Gregory.
- 19343 Star Band.  
P., Sister Lena.
- 19344 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Violet Band.  
P., Lizzie E. Finlay.
- 19345 Stillwater, Minn.  
Stillwater Band.  
P., Cynthia G. Pennington.
- 19346 Delmar, N. Y.  
Audubon Band.  
P., Gertrude C. Haswell.
- 19347 Cochran, Pa.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Geo. Roberts.
- 19348 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Loving Band.  
P., N. L. Emerson.
- 19349 Mayflower Band.  
P., Miss Annie L. Chatterton.
- 19350 Attchboro, Mass.  
Bright Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Dr. Augustus Solomon.
- 19351 San Francisco, Cal.  
Garfield School.  
Young American Band.  
P., Charles Nightingale.
- 19352 Star Spangled Banner Band.  
P., Willie Reno.
- 19353 Liberty Bell Band.  
P., Vito Bertrucci.
- 19354 Garfield Band.  
P., Joe Enis.
- 19355 Union Band.  
P., Miss A. Forester.
- 19356 Jester, Ga.  
Columbia Band.  
P., A. W. Hawkins.
- 19357 So. Bend, Ind.  
Columbia School Band.  
P., Helen Johnson.
- 19358 Princeton, Ill.  
Princeton Band.  
P., Carrie E. Hodgman.
- 19359 Evansville, Ind.  
Golden Eagle Band.  
P., Miss Mattie Weil.
- 19360 Corvallis, Oregon.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Miss Mary Newton.
- 19361 Whittier Band.  
P., Walter Cummins.
- 19362 Hichtee, Ga.  
James M. Meyers Band.  
P., Miss Lulu T. Grimes.
- 19363 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Annie L. Cole.
- 19364 Providence, R. I.  
Hollyhurst Band.  
P., Miss E. J. Cory.
- 19365 San Francisco, Cal.  
Ready Workers Band.  
P., Albert Mayer.
- 19366 Chillicothe, Ohio.  
High School.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., E. S. Cox.
- 19367 Longfellow Band.  
P., John W. Long.
- 19368 J. G. Whittier Band.  
P., Anna M. Smith.
- 19369 Goldsmith Band.  
P., Jennie F. Winn.
- 19370 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Anna G. McDougall.
- 19371 Central School.  
Rose Band.  
P., Sadie J. Poe.
- 19372 Lily Band.  
P., Helen Veail.
- 19373 Violet Band.  
P., Harriet A. Moore.
- 19374 Tulip Band.  
P., Fannie E. Evans.
- 19375 Mayflower Band.  
P., Ida B. Walton.
- 19376 Pansy Band.  
P., Belle S. Ronaldson.
- 19377 Daisy Band.  
P., Laura A. Beall.
- 19378 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Eleanor M. Winn.
- 19379 Southern School.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., Wm. E. Viney.
- 19380 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Miss Hayes.
- 19381 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Gatliff.
- 19382 Star Band.  
P., Miss Harris.
- 19383 Sunshine Band.  
P., Mary Fox.
- 19384 Western School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., J. L. Caldwell.
- 19385 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Miss Carrigan.
- 19386 Neverfail Band.  
P., Miss Mamson.
- 19387 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Miss Franklin.
- 19388 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Miss Fowler.
- 19389 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Miss Larrimore.
- 19390 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss McCague.
- 19391 Hope Band.  
P., Miss McNally.
- 19392 Sunshine Band.  
P., Miss Thompson.
- 19393 Star Band.  
P., Miss Koehne.
- 19394 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Floyd.
- 19395 Eastern School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., I. M. Jordan.
- 19396 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Alberti.
- 19397 Mayflower Band.  
P., Miss Lanius.
- 19398 Morning Glory Band.  
P., Miss Chapman.
- 19399 Lilac Band.  
P., Miss Burkline.
- 19400 Verbena Band.  
P., Miss Rooney.
- 19401 Snowball Band.  
P., Miss Bliss.
- 19402 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Carr.
- 19403 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Crossgrave.
- 19404 Buttercup Band.  
P., Miss McDowell.
- 19405 Pink Band.  
P., Miss Organ.
- 19406 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Dickson.
- 19407 Tulip Band.  
P., Miss Herlihy.
- 19408 Violet Band.  
P., Miss Subzbacher.
- 19409 Robin Band.  
P., Miss Genter.
- 19410 Canary Band.  
P., Miss McDowell.
- 19411 Bluebird Band.  
P., Miss Roach.
- 19412 Lark Band.  
P., Miss Hurst.
- 19413 Dove Band.  
P., Miss Miller.
- 19414 St. Peters School.  
Rose Band.  
P., Sister Leopolda.
- 19415 Lily Band.  
P., Sister Athanasia.
- 19416 Violet Band.  
P., Sister Protasia.
- 19417 Pansy Band.  
P., Sister Celsa.
- 19418 St. Mary's School.  
P., Golden Rule Band.  
P., Sister Celestine.
- 19419 Hope Band.  
P., Sister Berdachine.
- 19420 Star Band.  
P., Sister Calista.
- 19421 Xenia, Ohio.  
High School.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., Edwin B. Cox.
- 19422 Excelsior Band.  
P., G. J. Graham.
- 19423 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mary Wilgus.
- 19424 Neverfail Band.  
P., Jessa Pearson.
- 19425 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Anna Galloway.
- 19426 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Alice Galloway.
- 19427 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Elizabeth Thomas.
- 19428 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Margaret Clark.
- 19429 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Anna Conner.
- 19430 Pansy Band.  
P., Louise McIlwain.
- 19431 Lily Band.  
P., Clara Martin.
- 19432 Daisy Band.  
P., Olga Schlesinger.
- 19433 Hope Band.  
P., Luella Barker.
- 19434 Star Band.  
P., Carrie Patton.
- 19435 Rosebud Band.  
P., Laura Wallace.
- 19436 W. Market St. School.  
Sunbeam Band.  
P., Fannie Haynes.
- 19437 Robin Band.  
P., Ella Armbuhl.
- 19438 Canary Band.  
P., Sarah Dillencourt.
- 19439 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Mary E. Johnson.
- 19440 Cincinnati Ave. School.  
Violet Band.  
P., Mary M. Harper.
- 19441 Rose Band.  
P., Harriet Scarff.
- 19442 Sunshine Band.  
P., Laura A. Lloyd.
- 19443 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Anna B. Morrow.
- 19444 Spring Hill School.  
Violet Band.  
P., Clara Thrall.
- 19445 Lily Band.  
P., Margaret North.
- 19446 Pansy Band.  
P., Leila Quinn.
- 19447 East Main St. School.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., A. W. Bailey.
- 19448 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Geo. H. Bailey.
- 19449 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Lucy J. Meredith.
- 19450 I'll Try Band.  
P., Lucretia Willis.
- 19451 E. Market St. School.  
Lily Band.  
P., Laura V. Phelps.
- 19452 Rose Band.  
P., Muttie Cruisman.
- 19453 Mayflower Band.  
P., Eva Nichols.
- 19454 Pansy Band.  
P., Selena Gaines.
- 19455 Daisy Band.  
P., Lydia A. Scott.
- 19456 Hope Band.  
P., Kate C. Gates.
- 19457 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Carrie S. Bailey.
- 19458 Winston, N. C.  
Rosa Phifer Band.  
P., Miss Phifer.
- 19459 Washington, Mass.  
Naturalist Band.  
P., Robert Coote.
- 19460 N. Y. City, N. Y.  
Washington Heights Band.  
P., Mrs. G. Munro.
- 19461 Springfield, Ill.  
Ridgeley Band.  
P., Lena Grehn.
- 19462 San Francisco, Cal.  
Redding School.  
Eschscholtzia Band.  
P., Cassie Glynn.
- 19463 League of Kindness Band.  
P., Gustave Bretonnel.
- 19464 Sunset City Band.  
P., Wm. C. Murdock.
- 19465 Searchlight Band.  
P., Sidney Altschul.
- 19466 Vilagants Band.  
P., Anita Habenicht.
- 19467 Violet Band.  
P., Howard De Conray.
- 19468 California Poppy Band.  
P., Walter Moffatt.
- 19469 San Francisco Love Band.  
P., Fred Bass.
- 19470 Jacksonville, Fla.  
Walton Band.  
P., Miss Essie Moore.
- 19471 Lynn, Mass.  
Wesley Band.  
P., Lawrence Prescott.
- 19472 Newburyport, Mass.  
Jas. Patton Chapter Band.  
P., Mabel Parton.
- 19473 Brownsville, Tenn.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. H. Tyler.
- 19474 Dalton, Mass.  
Wohconah Band.  
P., Mrs. P. E. Little.
- 19475 Bolivar, N. Y.  
Hiawatha Band.  
P., Lena Farnald.
- 19476 Central Falls, R. I.  
Roger Williams Band.  
P., Clara E. Wilmarth.
- 19477 Franklin Band.  
P., E. Louise King.
- 19478 Raleigh, N. C.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mrs. A. W. Curtis.
- 19479 New York City N. Y.  
G. S. 83 Band.
- 19480 San Francisco, Cal.  
Denman Grammar School.  
Denman Band.  
P., Bessie Keyser.
- 19481 Ever Ready Band.  
P., Blanche Clark.
- 19482 Sunset City Band.  
P., Vernie Allen.
- 19483 Lexington Band.  
P., Beatrice Cooley.
- 19484 Eschscholtzia Band.  
P., Ethel Recht.
- 19485 Golden Rule Band.  
P., K. B. Childs.
- 19486 A. L. Mann Band.  
P., Eunice C. Jeffers.
- 19487 Merciful Children Band.  
P., Miss Goldsmith.
- 19488 Golden West Band.  
P., Ella Grob.
- 19489 Wake Robin Band.  
P., Mrs. J. Love.
- 19490 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss J. A. Danks.
- 19491 Golden Gate Band.  
P., Miss D'Arcy.
- 19492 Anne Laurie Band.  
P., Miss Houston.
- 19493 Iris Band.  
P., Miss Houston.
- 19494 So. Bend, Ind.  
Hollyhurst Band.  
P., Maude Elen.
- 19495 Wellford, S. C.  
Hillsdale Band.  
P., John C. Moss.
- 19496 Manville, R. I.  
Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. A. G. E. Vose.
- 19497 Providence, R. I.  
John G. Whittier Band.  
P., Miss E. J. Cory.
- 19498 Hiawatha Band.  
P., Miss Mary E. Tempest.
- 19499 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Harriet E. Manning.
- 19500 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Hollyhurst Band.  
P., Miss M. Geary.
- 19501 Decatur, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., A. D. Moffett.



## TWO STORIES ABOUT INDIA.

We have been reading in one of our popular monthlies an article written by a Hindu, entitled "Why Christian Missions have failed in India," in which he tells how the Hindu's "love with an equal love not only the highest and lowest of their own race but also the cow, the elephant, the dog, and that to the Hindu, brotherhood means the brotherhood of all living beings."

From the above we turn to the following, sent us by Rev. Andrew Gray, an Episcopal clergyman of Boston:

Miles Grant, a gentleman pretty well known in Boston, has spent several weeks of the past winter in Calcutta. In a letter which he writes from that city dated "Feb. 14th, 1894," I find a paragraph relating to the terrible cruelty inflicted there on beasts of burden. I give the paragraph in his own words:

"In all my travels I have been in no other country where the beasts of burden are treated so cruelly as in India. It is terrible in Rome, but worse in Calcutta. Most of the heavy work is done by small white oxen, half-starved, so that their ribs stick out like hoops on a barrel. They are attached to two-wheel carts, loaded to the utmost strength of the poor animals, bearing with crushing weight on their necks, so that sometimes they cannot hold them, and have to bend their heads down to the ground in agony. The driver, usually a youngster, with scarcely a particle of judgment and no mercy, always rides on the load, and frequently two or three other lazy fellows. He uses a stick about two feet long, and seats himself where he can reach the oxen with his hands when he likes. When he starts out with his heavily burdened team he begins to punch and pound with his stick, and if that fails in the hard spot to make them draw the load, he catches hold of their tails and twists them till they are frequently seen with several joints broken or entirely twisted off. Then he will work at the sore stub of the tail. The hair is rubbed off the back of the cattle with the stick of the driver, and sores are a common thing upon their tortured bodies. And when the toilsome work of the day is done they make their tired and jaded animals trot on their homeward journey by continually punching and tail-twisting. The yoke is not fitted at all to the neck of the oxen, but is a straight bamboo stick, with a pin stuck through it on the outside to keep the necks of the oxen from slipping off the end of the stick. A rope is tied around their necks and fastened to the yoke pole, which is the only ox-bow used. It is a heart-rending sight to look at the necks of these poor animals, because of the effects of the great burdens they have to bear. The animal torture is the most unpleasant sight to be seen in India."

From the foregoing it would appear that cruel drivers in India have about as much mercy for oxen as certain persons in some other countries possess when they engage in the merciless act of docking horses.

In one of his recent lectures in Boston I heard Mr. John L. Stoddard speak of the same kind of cruelty in India which Mr. Grant describes. I send you this in the hope that something may be done through the agency of the English Society to remedy this shameful state of things.

I would be delighted to learn that the thousands of people in Massachusetts and elsewhere who are strongly opposed to docking horses would unite in the firm resolve that they will not ride behind or use in any way, if they can avoid it, a horse or horses that have been docked. Please write me down as one.

ANDREW GRAY.

To the above we add that the Calcutta Society alone makes more prosecutions we think for cruelty to animals than all the Societies of Europe and America combined, but still the cruelty goes on from lack of humane education.

We hope that "Black Beauty," which our "American Humane Education Society" has now had translated into the languages of India may do something to stop the cruelty which seems now to be so generally practised in that country.

A little girl read a composition before the minister. The subject, "A Cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence: "A cow is the most useful animal in the world except the preacher."

Darkness is the star's best friend.

## "SOME REASONS."

For "Our Dumb Animals."

The following, by a prominent Boston lawyer, will be read with interest:

Why should we be kind to other animals? Because we are kin to them. You know kin and kind were once the same word. So far as mere life is concerned all we animals are of the same kith, kin, or kind. We all receive our life from the one Great Life, and the conditions of beginning, maintaining and ending our lives are substantially the same, regardless of the truth or error in the theory that man is but an evolution from the lower animals. By the way, that theory is thousands of years older than Darwin or Spencer. We see evidences of its existence in the most ancient of human records.

What is the "totem" of the savage but a rude representation of the animal from which he sprang, as told in his tribal legends? The "totem" is but a relic of more ancient ancestry worship. All worship was an evolution, and continually sought a higher object, till at last a revelation of our one God became necessary. Our conception of Him grows always grander, nobler and more worshipful. It is now as far above that of the ancient Jew as his Jehovah excelled the "totem" of his remote ancestors.

The old Egyptians were kind to nearly all animals except each other. Did they so early realize the truth of the yet unsung song of that land:

"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?"

Whatever he is now man certainly was vile enough then.

But to return to our kin—the lower animals. By the way, why call them lower animals? They surpass us in strength, swiftness, skill, endurance, patience, courage, love and faithfulness.

The highest praise of a hero is expressed when he is called strong as a lion, swift as an eagle, and as brave, patient, loving and faithful as a dog.

There was something more than sarcasm in the remark of the wit who said: "The better I know dogs the less I think of men."

What human builder has the skill of the bee or the art and endurance of the coral mite, which without hands, much less tools, gives us lessons in architecture, erects palaces and fortresses, and lays the foundations of continents which defy old ocean in his wildest moods? If man did ascend or descend from the so-called lower animals, many people have more reason to boast of their remote than their proximate ancestry.

"But the lower animals have no souls."

How do you know? They appear to have the best qualities of the noblest souls.

"But they do not know or praise God."

How do you know that? How can you listen to the evening anthem of the nightingale or the matin hallelujah chorus of the robins, and not know that they love and praise their Creator with a fervor which should make us envious?

Of course their conception of God must be different from ours, but it may also be better, because truer. Who knows? Scientists are beginning to study the "dead" languages of living animals.

When we can understand, our dog may tell us many wonderful things, and our cat's opinions of ourselves be more frank than complimentary. "But Christ did not die for such animals!" No, and it must have been because they did not need it. They have never learned to defy their creator. They are living in harmony with the laws God gave them. They have apparently never yet been "lost," and hence need no Savior. When they do, doubtless the love of the Father will find a way to provide for their moral necessities as He provided for ours.

But as it is, they minister to so nearly all our wants, and contribute so largely to our physical well-being and happiness, and so furnish daily examples to us of the highest virtues of the soul, that they richly deserve, and should certainly have, our ceaseless care, respect, gratitude and love. We simply owe it to them.

Honest people pay their debts if they can.

Boston, May 10th, 1894.

WALTER CHURCH.

"Our Dumb Animals" for April is as full of interest as any former number, which is praise enough.—Boston Times.



## DAYBREAK CONCERTS.

It was our privilege very recently to attend a matinee given by our feathered artists, the robins and bluebirds. In fact it is just the beginning of the season for this out-door troupe. Amid the chill and gloom of this laggard spring it was cheering, on being aroused at the unseasonable hour or half-past four to hear their merry warbling. Sometimes it was a solo, then a duet, and again the full chorus swelled out in grand harmony. It is a wonder that a choir of these native singers has not been thought of for the coming Peace Jubilee. But then the hour they choose for their entertainments and are in the best voice is so very unreasonable that the performers would lack an audience. Think of rising at three on a June morning to attend a concert! Only birds and babies believe in real matinees; not those afternoon affairs to which modern circumlocution has given the misnomer "matinee," but the genuine thing; for to them three o'clock means three in the morning. Does one ever take an early train, or chance for some reason to see the sun rise in summer or spring without feeling how wasteful he is of the golden freshness of morning hours? But the birds have their way and we ours. If any one is incredulous of the quality of their morning orchestra let him secure a hearing, the only expense being that of early waking.—Boston Transcript.

## FEATHERED NAME-SPEAKERS.

Do you see that bird on the apple tree,  
As white with blossom as it can be?  
Ask her her name and she'll sing to thee—  
She heard you and answers, "Phe-be, Phe-be!"

I hear a bird when the days are bright,  
Blithely he whistles from morn till night;  
Timid is he and seldom in sight;  
How sweetly he tells me his name—"Bob White!"

Lo, there comes another! Where do you think  
This fellow stands to teeter and prink?  
On a clover top, where the cattle drink,  
He chatters his own name, "Bobolink!"

And now it is night and the world is still;  
Not a ray of sunshine gleams on the hill.  
Another bird speaks in accents shrill,  
Suddenly giving her name—"Whip-poor-will."

Who taught you, O birdies, to know so well  
Those names you're always quite ready to tell  
With voices musical, clear as a bell?  
Alas! we must bid each other farewell.

Again we shall meet, though you'll go away:  
Bobolink, Phebe, dear, sing while you stay,  
And whistle, "Bob White," while they're making  
the hay;

Winter will silence the music of May.

—Christian at Work.

Mr. Wheeler—I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson?

Miss Emerson—Why, yes, Mr. Wheeler—even the beans go through a course of Browning before they come to the table.—P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.



## Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in April.

Fines and witness fees, \$180.33.

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Total, \$945.18.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$142.50.

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"I want to see the boss of the house," said the peddler to Mrs. D., who had answered the ring.  
"I'm sorry," she replied, as she gently closed the door, "but baby is asleep just now."

## GOD'S SWEETEST GIFT.

God thought to give the sweetest thing  
In His almighty power  
To earth, and deeply pondering  
What it should be one hour  
In fondest joy and love of heart,  
Outweighing every other,  
He moved the gates of Heaven apart,  
And gave to earth a mother.

—G. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

The culture which does not reach the heart is a failure.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$8.94.

Total, \$146.48.

Publications sold, \$284.15.

Total, \$1,698.64.

## Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for April.

Two Friends, \$50; Miss Mary J. Carr, \$5; Francis A. Whitmarsh, \$5; Miss Marjorie Wescott, \$1.

## And from sales of American Humane Education Society Publications.

Burrows Bros., \$63.25; J. E. Wesener, \$10; Town of Bellingham, \$7; L. V. & E. J. Blum, \$5; Educational Pub. Co., \$10; Baker & Taylor Co., \$15.10; John Wamaker, \$7.50; H. G. Woody, \$17.65; J. M. Pilcher, \$12.80.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$127.69.

## Cases reported at our Boston Offices in April.

Whole number dealt with, 283; animals taken from work, 40; horses and other animals killed, 57.

## HIS LITTLE CHIVALRY.

Sometimes the spirit of sympathy and tenderness crops out on apparently barren soil. On the corner of one of the business streets of a city, a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir; five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on.

Who says the days of chivalry are over?

## Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 30 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.  
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